

That quaint in Greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,  
With Ribbons-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;  
And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,  
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,  
The maid hath given content to go with him.

*Hof.* Which means she to deceive? Father, or Mother.

*Fen.* Both (my good Hof) to go along with me:  
And heere it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar  
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve, and one,  
And in the lawfull name of marrying,  
To give our hearts vntied ceremony.

*Hof.* Well, husband your denice; Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound to thee;  
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Falstaffe, Quickly, and Ford.*

*Fal.* Pre'thee no more prating: go, Ile hold, this is  
the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers:  
Away, go, they say there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,  
either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

*Qui.* Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can  
to get you a paire of hornes.

*Fal.* Away I say, time weares, hold vp your head &  
mince. How now M. Broome? Master Broome, the mat-  
ter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the  
Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you shall  
see wonders.

*Ford.* Went you not to her yesterday (Sir) as you told  
me you had appointed?

*Fal.* I went to her (Master Broome) as you see, like a  
poore-old-man, but I came from her (Master Broome)  
like a poore-old-woman; that same knaue (Ford his hul-  
band) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him (Mas-  
ter Broome) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you,  
he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman; (for in  
the shape of Man (Master Broome) I feare) not Goliath  
with a Weauers beame, because I know also, life is a  
Shuttle I am in halt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all  
(Master Broome): since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant,  
and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till  
lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you strange things of this  
knaue Ford, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I  
will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, strange  
things in hand (M. Broome) follow. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.*

*Page.* Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Castle ditch,  
till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember son *Slen-*  
*der,* my

*Slen.* I forsooth, I haue spoke with her, & we haue  
a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her  
in white, and cry Mum; she cries Budget, and by that

we know one another.

*Shal.* That's good too: But what needs either your  
Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well  
enough. It hath brooke ten a'clocke.

*Page.* The night is darke, Light and Spirits will be-  
come it wel: Heauen prosper our sport. No man means  
the euill but the deuill, and we shall know him by his hornes.  
Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Caius.*

*Mist. Page.* Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when  
you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her  
to the Deanerie, and dispatch it quickly: go before into  
the Parke: we two must go together.

*Cai.* I know what I haue to do, adieu.

*Mist. Page.* Fare you well (Sir) my husband will not  
reioyce so much at the abuse of *Falstaffe*, as he will chafe  
at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no mat-  
ter; better a little chiding, than a great deale of heart-  
breake.

*Mist. Ford.* Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fair-  
ies? and the Welch-deuill *Herne*?

*Mist. Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes*  
Oake, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant  
of *Falstaffe* and our meeting, they will at once display to  
the night.

*Mist. Ford.* That cannot choose but amaze him.

*Mist. Page.* If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If  
he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

*Mist. Ford.* Wee'll betray him finely.

*Mist. Page.* Against such Lewdsters, and their lechery,  
Those that betray them, do no treachery.

*Mist. Ford.* The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the  
Oake. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Evans and Fairies.*

*Evans.* Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your  
parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and  
when I giue the watch-ords, do as I bid you: Come,  
come, trib, trib. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Quinta.

*Enter Falstaffe, Mist. Page, Mist. Ford, Evans,  
Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly,  
Slender, Fenton, Caius, Pistol.*

*Fal.* The Windsor-bell hath stroke twelve: the Mi-  
nute drawes-on: Now the hot-blooded-Gods assist me!  
Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy Europa, Ioue  
set on thy hornes. O powerfull Ioue, that in some re-  
spect makes a Beast a Man: in some other, a Man a beast.  
You were also (Iupiter) a Swan, for the Ioue of *Leda*: O  
omnipotent

omnipotent Ioue, how nere the God drew to the com-  
plexion of a Goose: a fault done first in the forme of a  
beast, (O Ioue, a beastly fault:) and then another fault,  
in the semblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-  
fault. When Gods haue hot backs, what shall poore  
men do? For me, I am heere a Windsor Stagge, and the  
fastest (I thinke) i'th Forrest. Send me a coole rut-time  
(Ioue) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? Who  
comes heere? my Doe?

*M. Ford.* Sir Iohn? Art thou there (my Deere?)

My male-Deere?

*Fal.* My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie  
raie Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-  
sleeues, haile-kissing Comfits, and snow Bringuoes: Let  
there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee  
heere.

*M. Ford.* *Mist. Page* is come with me (sweet hart.)

*Fal.* Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch:  
I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the  
fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your  
husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne*  
the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience,  
he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

*M. Page.* Alas, what noise?

*M. Ford.* Heauen forgie our sinnes.

*Fal.* What should this be?

*M. Ford, M. Page.* Away, away.

*Fal.* I thinke the diuell will not haue me damn'd,  
Least the oyle that's in me should set hell on fire;  
He would neuer else crosse me thus.

*Enter Fairies.*

*Qui.* Fairies blacke, gray, Greene, and white,  
You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night.

You Orphan heires of fixed destiny,

Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

*Pist.* Elues, list your names: Silence you airy toys.

Criker, to Windsor-chimnies shalt thou leape;

Where fires thou find'st vnrak'd, and hearths vnswep't,

There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,

Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

*Fal.* They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die,  
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.

*Eu.* Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid

Raise vp the Organs of her fantasie,

Sleepe she as sound as carelesse infancie,

But those as sleepe, and thinke not on their sins,

Pinch them armes, legs, backes, shoulders, sides, & thins.

*Qui.* About, about:

Search Windsor Castle (Elues) within, and out.

Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery sacred roome,

That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,

In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit,

Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.

The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you scowre

With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,

Each faire Infalment, Coate, and seu'rall Crest,

With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest.

And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you sing

Like to the *Garters*-Compasse, in a ring,

Th'expressure that it beares: Greene let it be,

Mote fertile-fresh then all the Field to see:

And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write

In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,

Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;

Fairies vse Flowres for their characterie,

Away, disperse: But till 'tis one a clocke,

Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke

Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget. *(set:*

*Evans.* Pray you lock hand in hand: your selues in order

And twenty glow-wormes shall our Lanthornes bee

To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* Heauens defend me from that Welsh Fairy,

Least he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe.

*Pist.* Wilde worme, thou wast ore-look'd euen in thy

birth.

*Qui.* With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;

If he be chaste, the flame will backe descend

And turne him to no paine: but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted hart.

*Pist.* A triall, come.

*Evans.* Come: will this wood take fire?

*Fal.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Qui.* Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire.

About him (Fairies) sing a scornfull rime,

And as you trip, till pinch him to your time.

### The Song.

*Fie on sunefull phantasie: Fie on Lust, and Luxurie:*

*Lust is but a blondy fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,*

*Fed in heart whose flames aspire,*

*As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.*

*Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.*

*Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,*

*Till Candler, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out.*

*Page.* Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you  
now: VVill none but *Herne* the Hunter serue your  
turne?

*M. Page.* I pray you come, hold vp the iest no higher.

Now (good Sir Iohn) how like you *Windsor* wiuers?

See you these husband? Do not these faire yoakes

Become the Forrest better then the Towne?

*Ford.* Now Sir, whose a Cuckold now?

*M. Broome.* *Falstaffe* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,

Heere are his hornes Master *Broome*:

And Master *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Ford's*,

but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of

money, which must be paid to Mr *Broome*, his hornes are

arrested for it, Mr *Broome*.

*M. Ford.* Sir Iohn, we haue had ill lucke: wee could

neuer meere: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe,

but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Ass.

*Ford.* I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are ex-

tant.

*Fal.* And these are not Fairies:

I was three or foure times in the thought they were not

Fairies, and yet the guiltinesse of my minde, the sodaine

surprize of my powers, droue the grossenesse of the fop-

perry into a recei'd beleefe, in despite of the teeth of

all time and reason, that they were Fairies. See now

how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill

employment.

*Evans.* Sir Iohn *Falstaffe*, serue Got, and leaue your

desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

*Ford.* VVell said Fairy *Hugh*.

*Evans.* And leaue you your iealousies too, I pray

you.

*Ford.*